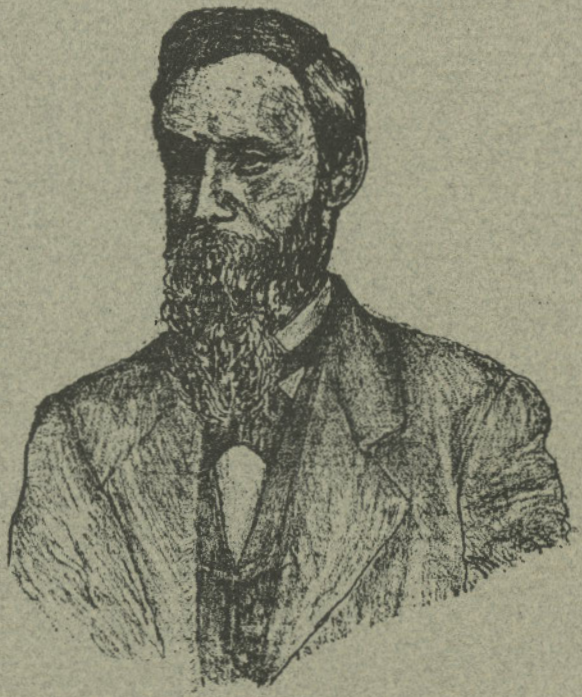


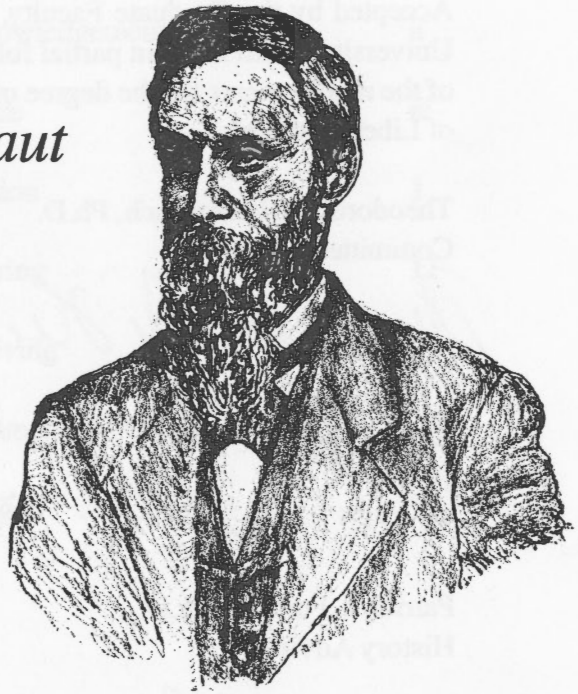
The Incredible Argonaut

written and illustrated
by Lyn Thompson

The Incredible Argonaut

The story of John R. *"Jack"* Jones
and his travels across the continent.

Written and illustrated by Lyn Thompson



Submitted to the faculty of the Graduate School in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Liberal Studies in the Division of Arts and Sciences, Indiana University South Bend May 1994.

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The Butler County, Iowa, Historical Association and their librarian, Judi Poppen, of Allison, Iowa, gave me much help for which I am appreciative.

Preface

As a candidate for the degree of Master of Liberal Studies, I have produced this work of literature combining the disciplines of Fine Arts and History. The capstone of all courses studied is this novelistic, historical biography of one of my ancestors, John R. Jones, Jr., known as "Jack". To represent more clearly this man and aspects of his life, I found it helpful to illustrate as well as write about his life and times.

This story is about real places and real people. I have tried to be faithful to the basic facts of their lives, and to present their roles as I believe they played them, however, I lay no claim to biographical accuracy.

The research for this story was assembled primarily from original source material including personal letters, documents, newspapers, government records, archives, records, files, memories, and actual travel in the area now part of the lost past. As the text is expressed in prose the biographic essay is illuminated by works of art which beautify the manuscript rather than clarify it.

Because these works of art are meant to be illuminations, rather than technical illustrations, they do not follow the text step by step, but relate to the total body of the work. That also makes the art work co-equal with the text. The work then becomes a unity of the Fine Arts and History disciplines.

The research that produced the data needed to write the biography also inspired the drawings that became relief prints. Together the written story and the collection of prints make up the thesis.

I have taken the popular and old activity of genealogy as it pertains to one of my ancestors and turned it into a story of a journey as John R. Jones, Jr. ("Jack") moved across the American land to adventure, fortune, romance, fame and contentment.

Decision

March 1852 came in cold and blustery with a good snow cover on the fields of Will County, Illinois. The pasture grasses responded quickly, however, as the days became warmer and longer, and the cattle were able to grasp enough of the new growth to make it worthwhile to pasture them, even at this time of year.

John R. Jones, Jr. (known as "Jack") was musing as he completed task after task around and about the barn getting ready for his upcoming adventure: Brother Will had been doing most of the farm chores for several years and doing them well ever since he completed common school. Young George would soon be nine and he already was a big help. Maggie, at eleven, had become a benefit to Mum around the house even though she was very sincere about her school work. Bobby was still too young, at three, to be other than the cause of additional work.

Jack's parents had immigrated from Wales in 1830 during the economic collapse in Europe following the Napoleonic Wars. John R., Sr. (known as "J.R.") had learned butchering as a trade, which helped to keep him employed.

In 1837 there was considerable nationwide advertising for workers on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and it was attracting notice. With the growth in population and the expected increase in the value of lands and business, J.R. and his wife, Mary, decided to take advantage of the new westward expansion and moved with their two children, Jack, age seven, and William, age five, to

Will County, Illinois. They rented a farm in Wilmington Township and J.R. was hired as a camp cook to feed the workers on the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

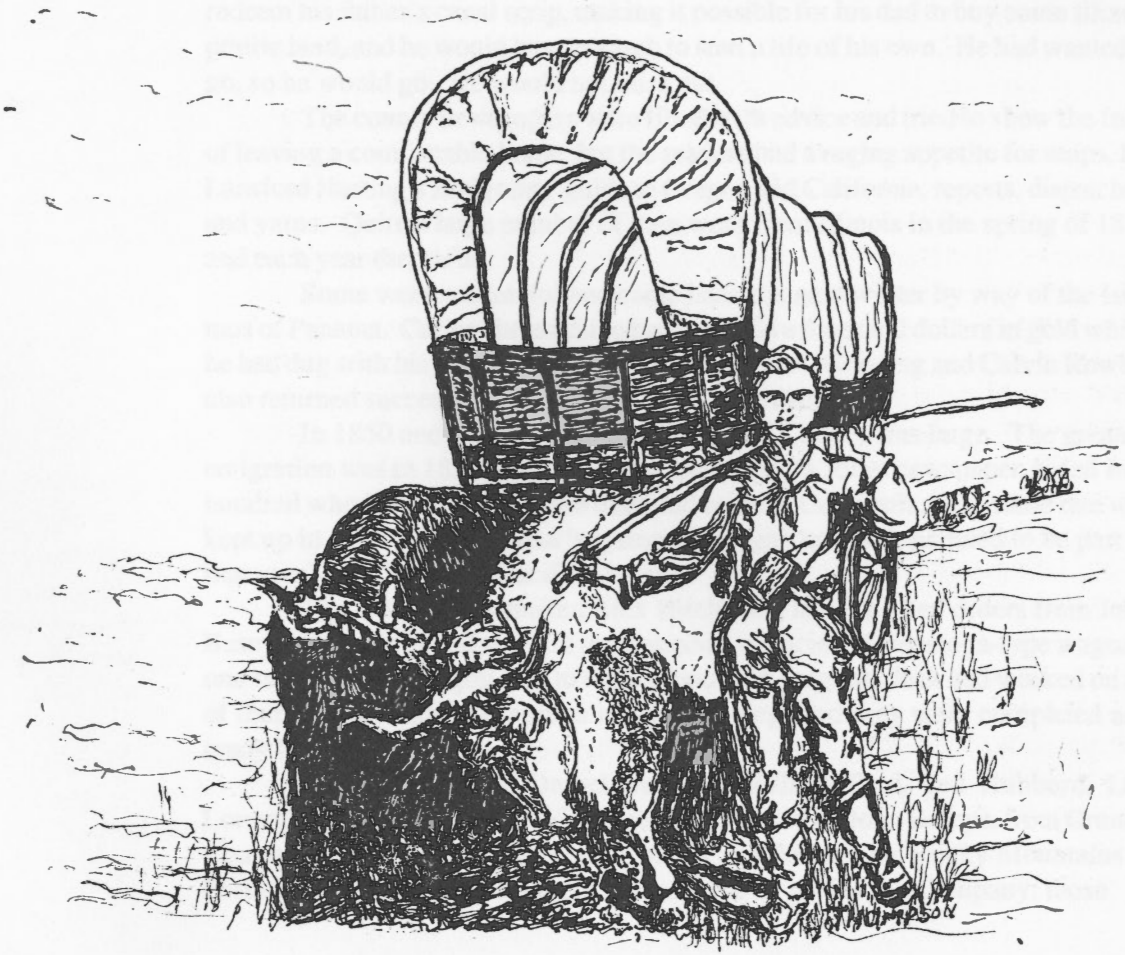
The canal construction started at the Chicago end and many workers were needed. The pay, twenty to twenty-six dollars per month with bed and board, was considered good. As the 1837 building season was beginning, a panic swept over Illinois and throughout the nation. The Canal Commission could not meet the construction costs. The state suspended payment in cash to its creditors and work crews and made all payments in long-term scrip, bonds, and warrants drawn against future canal funds. By 1841 some contractors had abandoned work, exorbitant taxes were being levied by the state and values were depressed. Construction on the canal was suspended, and J.R. was unemployed except for his small rented farm.

By 1845 the country started to recover from the depression, construction was resumed on the canal, and J.R. went back to work. The canal was completed and opened for use in April 1848. The scrip and state warrants were redeemable but at large discounts. J.R. stayed on with the crews, finishing three feeder channels, repairing damage from floods, and other general repairs. H e was discouraged because he had wanted to buy some Grand Prairie acreage and become a farmer when the canal was completed. Prices were low enough but his scrip was almost worthless. His canal pay, with help from Will and George farming a few acres, and Jack's contribution from his wagon shop pay, was not enough. He couldn't buy right then, but Jack had a plan.

Since 1848, after discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California, gold was the word on every lip and in everybody's dream. He could go to California that spring and make a fortune in the gold fields. He could mine enough gold to

I

Jack training his team



redeem his father's canal scrip, making it possible for his dad to buy some Illinois prairie land, and he would have enough to start a life of his own. He had wanted to go, so he would go. He would not miss out.

The county newspapers were filled with advice and tried to show the folly of leaving a comfortable home, but the readers had a raging appetite for maps, the Lansford Hasting's Emigrants' guide to Oregon and California, reports, dispatches, and yarns. Quite a large number of men went from Illinois in the spring of 1849 and each year thereafter.

Some were successful and came back the next winter by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Carlos Haven came back with five thousand dollars in gold which he had dug with his own hands, in seven weeks. J. A. Gooding and Calvin Rowley also returned successful. This added fury to the flames.

In 1850 and 1851 the number from Will County was large. The greatest emigration was in 1850 when The True Democrat, a Joliet newspaper, listed four hundred who left. Most used the overland route to California. The same rate was kept up in 1851. Another year's spring had began and Jack planned to be part of that year's exodus to the Pacific Slopes.

The town wagon maker, Alex Hitchcock, had accepted orders from John Baseye and John Beard to build three special, capacious Conestoga-type wagons, one sturdy freight wagon, and to rebuild two farm wagons. Jack had worked on all of them while taking his apprenticeship training, and they were completed and ready for delivery.

Five young men, Daniel Burnett, William Bird, Ted Hubbard, Len Longmire, and Jack, all from Wilmington, were hired by John Baseye, from Grundy County, to drive ox teams across the plains and through the Rocky Mountains to Portland, Oregon. Several others requested to be part of the Company; those

accepted were George Roderick and his family, his brother, Jacob from Channahon, William Nelson from Wilton, William Beard, Ellen Fagen, and "Miss B" Baseye. Five drivers, Bill McErwin, Jim and Pat Smith, Charley Eggleston, and Joe Theiler, from Grundy County, drove for John Beard.Hitchcock's Wagon Shop and Yard was at the corner of Main and Van Buren Streets, about mid-town, west of the Presbyterian Church and the township school. The Fisher and Pennington Flour Mill was on the Kankakee River at Mill Street, and between the mill and the wagon shop was The Eagle Hotel. Most of the township's business and industry were transacted in that two-block area. During most of the year those streets were not crowded—the main traffic consisted of farm wagons, a few buggies, and people walking. The arrival of Judge Caton's stagecoach with the mail was the daily event. The teamsters and relief stagecoach drivers made their layovers there. They, and the frequent other travelers and drummers who stopped there, enjoyed "wheat bread and chicken fixings" at The Eagle. The passengers usually had news from back East and yarns about politics, gold, and the West, and the locals gathered around to hear it. The talk on the stagecoach was that during the spring of 1852 the pilgrims were on the move in large numbers with their annual westward migration.

It was still early on Wednesday, the tenth of March, and an hour after sunup when the others that Jack had expected came in. He had just doused the coal oil lantern and was counting the homemade linen bags that were to be used for packing the flour, corn meal, and dried beans when Len Longmire and Ted Hubbard shoved open the big wagon door of the grey-sided barn. Len was twenty-two, and Ted was twenty years old, and they had all gone to school together. They greeted Jack with a cheerfully loud, "Good morning Jack! Dan

and Bill will be here in a few minutes. Your brother, Will, is with them." Soon after that, Dan Burnett and Bill Bird came jogging up the approach path with brother Will.

The day's work had been scheduled even before Baseye's five drivers got together at the Jones' barn. From there they went to assemble their teams, wagons, and supplies. Jack led the way with enthusiasm, his grey eyes sparkling, as they walked south to Baltimore Street, turning west at Burt's Stables and over the bridge to his pasture on the island where the oxen were grazing.

Jack was not a big man, at five feet, nine inches and one hundred-fifty pounds, but he was almost old enough to achieve his majority, and he was all muscle from doing hard work. Not only was he accomplished around the farm, but also in the trades of iron-shaping, tool-repairing, black-smithing, wood-working, and wagon- and carriage-making.

John Baseye and John Beard were in Joliet closing the sales on their real estate and other worldly goods that were being converted to cash. They had instructed their drivers to yoke the oxen and bring them up to the wagon yard by noon. George Hawker, from Hitchcock's, and Charley Carey loaded and delivered the harness and yokes for the oxen, and they were waiting with the large load at the pasture gate to meet the drivers.

By the time the boys had harnessed their teams, led them to the wagon yard, and hitched them to their "Prairie Schooners", it was time for lunch. The apprentice partners, George Hawker and Jack, heated a large pot of coffee, and one of water for tea, on one of the forges used for heating iron. As usual they talked of current affairs, and their plans and hopes for the future. George was twenty-one years old, and an immigrant from England. After having settled in Wilmington, his family suffered misfortune when he was but a child. He was

taken in by Alex and Ellen Hitchcock, and became a blacksmith and wagon-maker apprentice with Jack. They were much alike, and about the same weight, but George's eyes were blue, a more aquiline nose, and he had dark blond hair which he wore long. Both were good natured and loyal to each other, but most of all they were the best of friends.

Each of the drivers retrieved a tin cup and lunch wrapped in a page from the Joliet Signal newspaper. They gathered around a work bench and proceeded to mix the enjoyment of their meal with the discussion of their coming adventure. Unwrapping the paper disclosed a strip of thick-sliced fried bacon between two slices of wheat bread, and two biscuits of corn bread spread with butter and gooseberry jam. For something sweet there was Scottish shortbread to dunk and soften in either tea or coffee. A slightly- dried and wrinkled apple from the root cellar was cold and tasty.

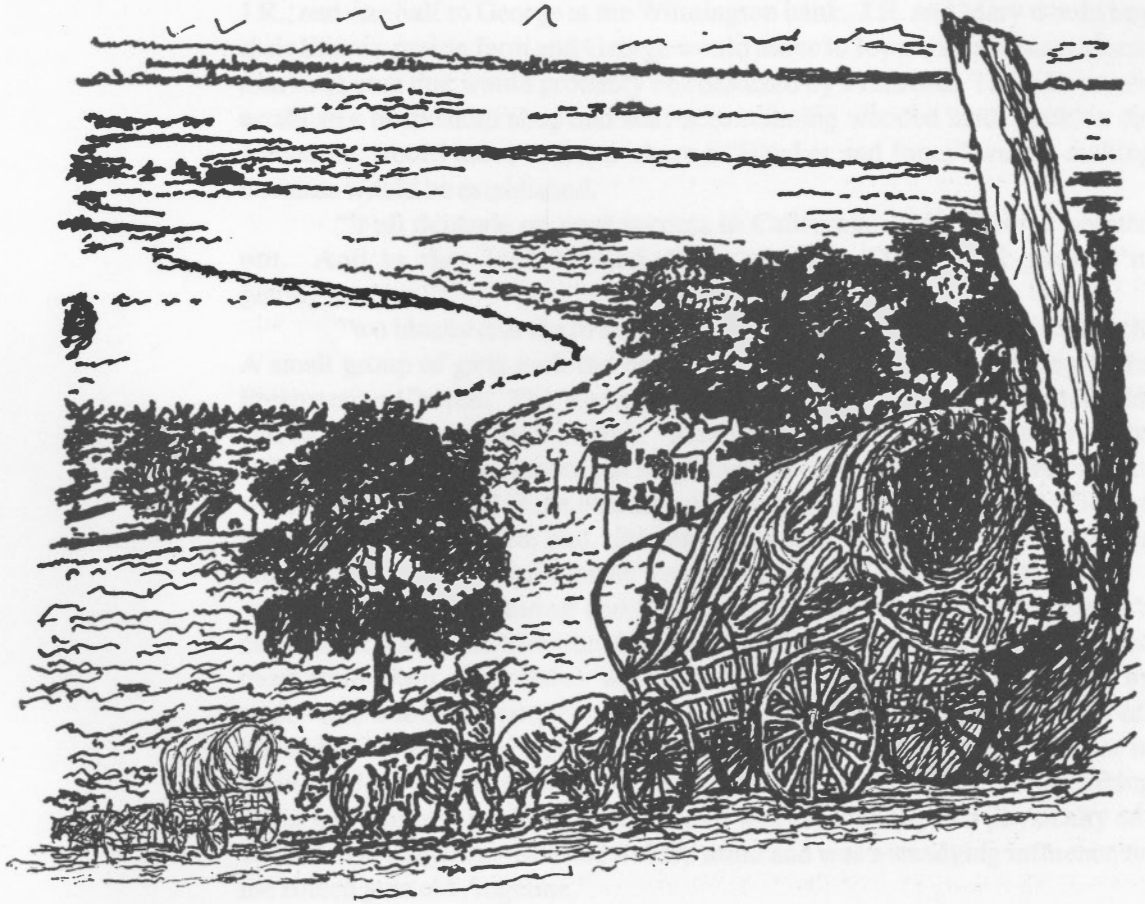
"Did you see the poster at the stage depot for the Illinois Central Railroad?" Jack asked George. "They are selling millions of acres of farmland the whole way along their proposed line, for anywhere from eight to twelve dollars an acre."

George answered, "Yes, Jack, but let's not get excited. Our plan makes good sense as it is. In the last three years we have worked hard to learn the wagon-making trade and within days we will be on our way to achieve another segment of our undertaking."

When the gold-rush fever began to heat up, Jack and George started discussing visions of what they could do with a large amount of gold. They developed a strategy which they had discussed with the Hitchcock and Jones families: Jack was to go to the Pacific Slopes and when he had dug gold worth five thousand dollars or more, he would send one half of the money to his father,

II

Fitzhugh Mill at Independence Missouri



J.R., and one half to George at the Wilmington bank. J.R. and Mary would buy their Illinois-prairie farm and George would move to Iowa and purchase a location in an area that would probably be colonized by a railroad. There he would establish a blacksmith shop and start accumulating wooded land. Jack, in the meantime, would move to Iowa where a "Hawker and Jones" wagon-making business would be established.

"It all depends on your success in California, Jack," George pointed out. And to that Jack replied, "You're right, George. I guess I'm getting anxious."

Two blocks east the township school had also taken a recess for lunch. A small group of girls took the opportunity to plan a social on Friday at the Presbyterian Church. The leaders were Sarah Dunlap, Angeline Butterfield, and Margaret Jones, Jack's sister. Sarah was finishing her last term at the Wilmington Common School but Angeline had another year. The two of them were vitally interested in the outcome of George's and Jack's project—George and Sarah were engaged, and, although not yet betrothed, Jack was courting Angeline. These prenuptial plans were part of the California agenda.

Sarah was maturing and had passed the age of needing her parent's consent for marriage. She was the oldest child in her family which had settled there from Ohio. Her father was English, by nationality, and a saddler, by trade. She was light complected with a few freckles on each cheek that set off her light blue eyes and a slight pug nose. Her sandy blonde hair was set in braids, and she was quite trim and attractive at five feet, three inches tall, weighing about one hundred-twelve pounds. Sarah was emotionally and physically advanced over Angeline. She had a sharp mind and was a steadying influence on the fifteen year old Angeline.

Also of English descent, the Butterfields had moved from New York. The father, Egbert, was a blacksmith by trade. Angeline, slim in physique at five feet, five inches tall and one hundred-fifteen pounds, was the oldest child in her family. Her eyes were brown, set with an anglo-saxon nose. She was light complected and pinched her cheeks to make a nice appearance, thus setting a pink hue. Her long, dark-brown hair was in pigtails most of the time, otherwise it was wrapped up like a beehive.

Jack and Angeline became friends in school and at church. She became infatuated after Jack graduated and went to work. She was unhappy about him going to California and was fearful of the dangers and unexpected events that might confront him. She was insecure and apprehensive about the long time he would be away. She realized that he was very important to her, and if she opposed his plan it would cause an unhappy separation. After all, George and Sarah had an important stake in the outcome, too. Even though she knew that Jack was anticipating a great experience and was assuming the positive in the venture, she hoped that he would indicate some sign of affection and show concern for their separation. In the meantime, she would enjoy every minute they were together.

The children at school made posters and wrote notes. They spread the word that at four o'clock, Friday, Reverend Porter would meet the town folks at Burt's pasture. There would be a special service, "The Blessing of the Beasts," for the oxen and horses going to the Pacific Slopes. A "potluck" social would follow in the church's parlor to honor the Argonauts leaving on Saturday. Everyone had a joyous time; it was an opportunity for relatives, friends, and neighbors to wish them well, and say their farewells.

With the hearty lunch under their belts, they joined with the other driv-

ers and leaders, and the young men set about their duties. Jack was matching: he had six Ayrshire dairy cattle that were popular as draft cattle called oxen. He picked two yearling steers that each weighed about fifteen hundred pounds, for his lead pair. His swing and wheel teams were more mature steers that each weighed about seventeen hundred pounds. He chose these de-sexed, male cattle as they were more gentle and more easily controlled, they were also thrifty in their conversion of food to muscle, and endurance. He hitched the team to an empty wagon which he then drove in open fields and on county roads to build expertise and team comraderie. Jack had to walk or ride the wagon box on the near side so he would have a clear view while keeping the team and the wagon to the right—a six-ox hitch is a tricky team to drive.

The rest of the time, before departure, was used to work the teams into shape, purchase and load supplies, adjust the harness and grease the wagon wheels. Friday afternoon the drivers unloaded some hay along the fence, turned the oxen loose at Burt's pasture, and waited for Reverend Porter and the town folks. While the cattle and horses chomped on fresh hay, Reverend Porter read from the scriptures, prayed for them, and gave a short sermon for the guidance of the Argonauts. The cattle all continued munching and belching while the congregation gravitated to their own "potluck" at the church. When the dinner was completed, and the ladies were storing away the utensils, a group of musicians tuned up their fiddles, harmonicas, bagpipes, and dulcimers for entertainment and dancing. Wilmington had become noted for its Scotch element and culture so the jigs, hornpipes, and reels were popular country dances among the ladies. The music began with "The Jolly Beggarman" hornpipe. Several poems from the works of Robert Burns were recited, followed by more music and dancing. Jack visited with his neighbors and friends and spoke of the upcoming

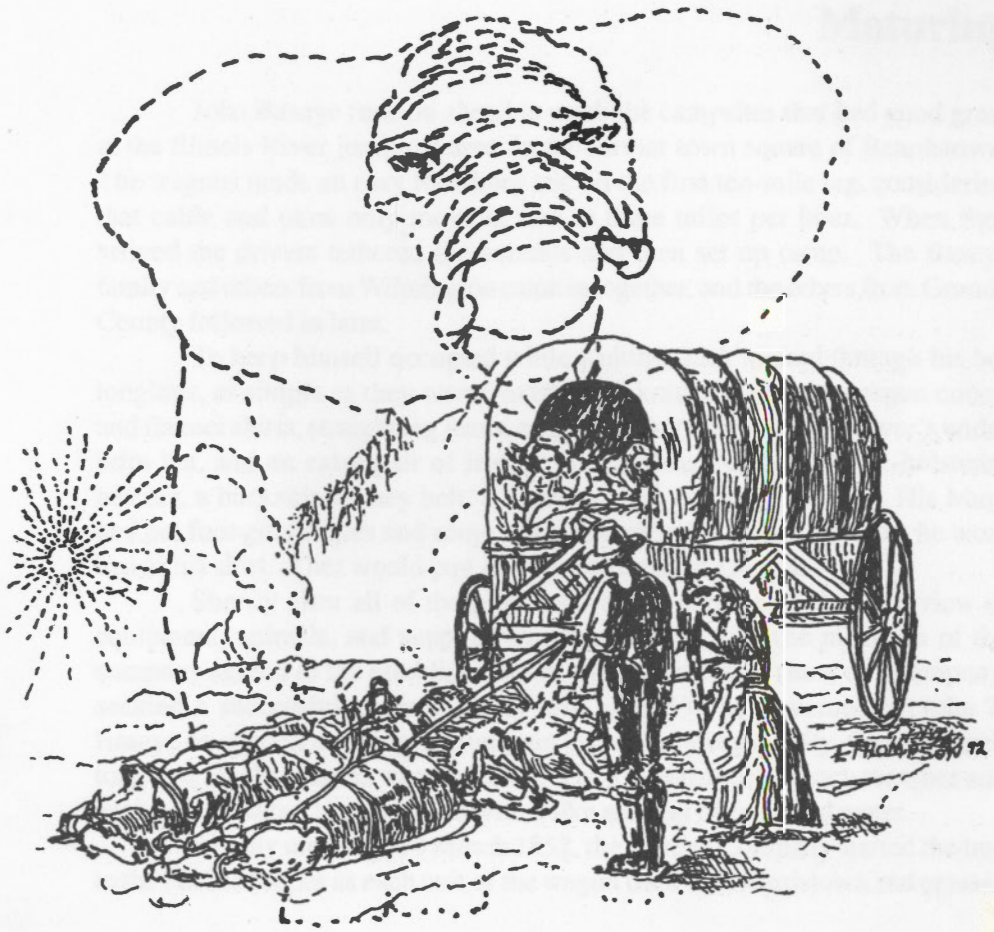
adventure. However, the ultimate hour came too quickly. The farewells, handshakes, and cheek kissing faded with the music and departure of all.

Jack said goodbye to George and Sarah and then drove Angeline home in the surrey he borrowed from the Hitchcocks. They took a detour along the Mill Race to Jefferson Street and Angeline's home. She was quiet, and pinched her cheeks, while he made small talk. She was already feeling the loneliness, but had no conception of the excitement he was feeling; the thought of accumulating gold put the whole endeavor into the category of going to the "Crusades" or seeking the "golden fleece". He considered her a truly good friend but she was too young to be anything more. He helped her down from the surrey, took her to the door, kissed her on the cheek and said, "Bye, Angie. I'll write when I can." He then jumped into the surrey, snapped the reins, and shouted, "Go, Nellie, go." Angeline stood meekly on the front door stoop, her arm raised, her fingers waving feebly, a tear running down her pinkish cheek, and said with heart-felt affection, "Bye, John."

Saturday morning, 13 March 1852, the pilgrims hitched up and started moving into a column on Kankakee Street, heading north toward Dresden. John Baseye mounted his grey gelding and gave the order, "Move out." Jack led, his ten-foot bullwhip cracked like a pistol shot urging Bill and Bob, the lead team, to lean into their yoke and start the wheels rolling. After the last wagon rolled past the church there sounded a cheerful ringing of the bell, rendered by the young boys who wished that they, too, could be going. The pealing slowly diminished after the last of the caravan faded from view in the mid-morning fog. The sounds of town and the bell were replaced by the crunching sound of the iron wagon wheels on gravel, and blended with the loud palaver and monologue recited by the teamsters to the oxen.

III

The elephant got too close



Maturing

John Baseye rode on ahead to mark the campsites that had good grass at the Illinois River jump-off area, in the former town square of Beardstown. The wagons made an easy four-hour trip on the first ten-mile leg, considering that cattle and oxen only move at two to three miles per hour. When they arrived the drivers tethered the animals and then set up camp. The Baseye family and others from Wilmington came in together, and the others from Grundy County followed in later.

To keep himself occupied while waiting, Jack looked through his belongings, as simple as they were: extra hand-knitted socks, homespun cotton and flannel shirts, straight leg jeans, an all-weather mackinaw, a drover's wide-brim hat, and an extra pair of leather boots, a shaving box, a belt-holstered hatchet, a buckskin money belt, a flintlock rifle, and his bullwhip. His Mum had put four gold eagles and some silver dollars in his money belt that he wore inside his shirt. That would pay his start-up costs in Oregon.

Shortly after all of the pilgrims were in and assembled, a review of equipment, animals, and supplies was made. And then the members of the company agreed to the establishment of a pact that bound them as a company, seeking a successful venture. They also agreed to be governed by John T. Baseye as captain until the wagon train arrived in Oregon City, Oregon Territory, and all obligations were fulfilled. They concurred that each member and each animal should be provided with a like amount of food and water.

Sunday morning, 14 March 1852, the Baseye Company started the trek to the Pacific Slopes as each unit of the wagon train left Beardstown and crossed

the Illinois River on the ferry at Dresden. There they turned west on the Joliet to the Burlington stage and mail route—the party of eight wagons, sixteen ox teams, four horses, three fresh cows, and thirty-six pilgrims. They moved out toward their destination, Oregon City, Oregon. The weather was fair and brisk, the road was good. The overlanders were cheerful and heartened. They had plenty of time because starting the overland trek at the Indian Territorial Boundary had been dependant on the quantity and height of the grass along the Platte River Valley. It was not advisable to cross at Independence, Missouri before the first of May. They arrived in good time on the twenty-sixth of April.

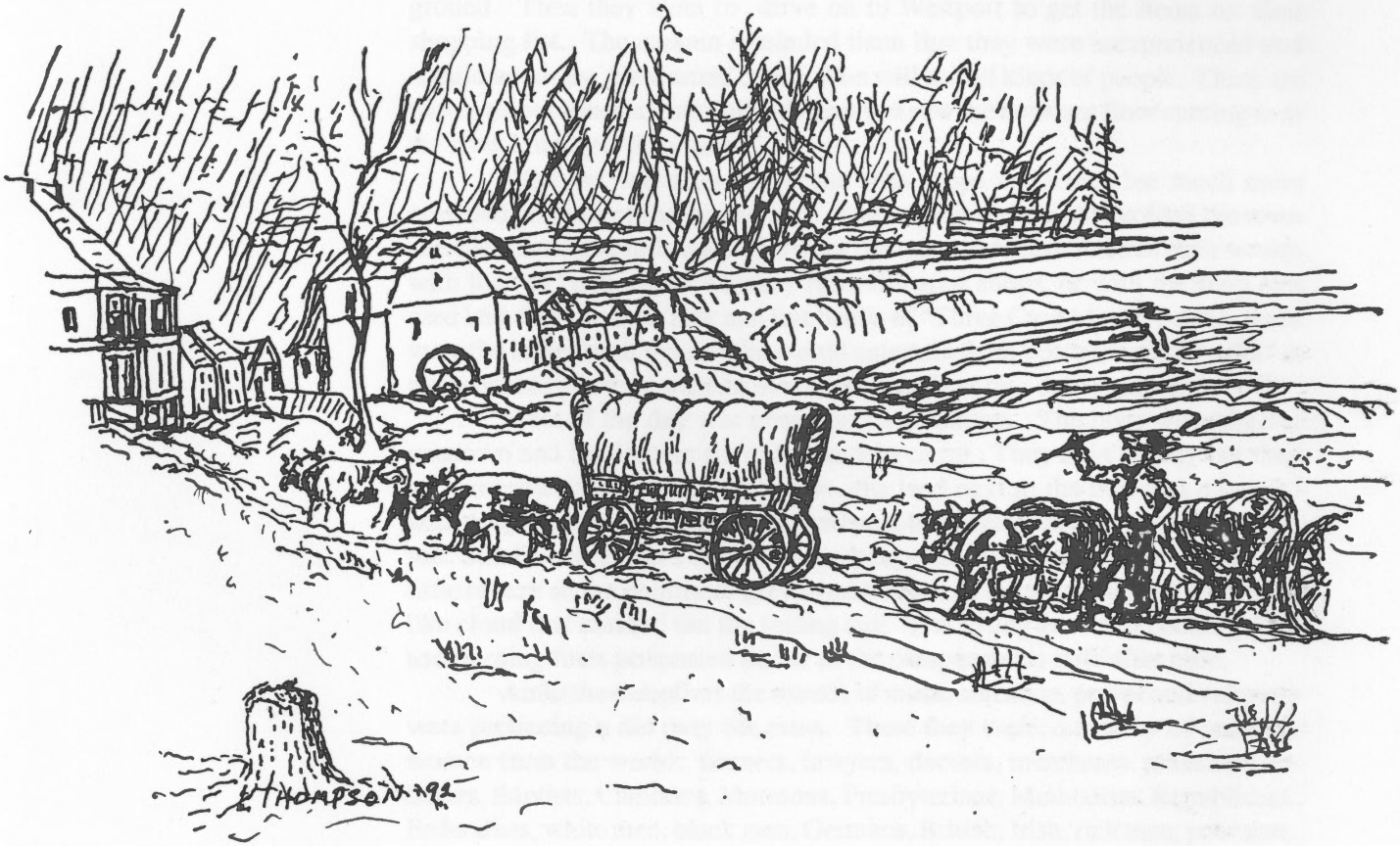
The river was crowded with steamboats unloading provisions for re-stocking stores there and at Westport. There were also many ferries moving outfits across the river. There were a great number of wagons, animals and people lined up at the landings awaiting their turn to cross. After a wait of thirteen hours the Baseye Train was loaded on a ferry. They paid their two-dollar fee, and crossed the river without incident.

Most of the overland movement was a family affair, requiring a large, pleasant, camping area. There the women took care of the domestic chores, and the men made adjustments on the equipment. They formalized their travel plans and had some grain milled.

The Will County immigrants found Westport and Independence hectic, noisy, and crowded so they pushed closer to the boundary, and stopped at Fitzhugh's mill on the Big Blue River. Captain Baseye had arranged with the new owner of Fitzhugh's, a Mr. Anthony Watts, to camp upstream along Indian Creek where it wasn't so crowded, and to have some grain ground. Jake Roderick, Len Longmere, and Jack were told to load ten bushels of wheat, ten bushels of corn, and five bushels of oats on a wagon and drive it to Fitzhugh's Mill to be

IV

Oregon City, gateway to Eden



ground. Then they were to drive on to Westport to get the items on their shopping list. The captain reminded them that they were inexperienced and should not dally. He warned them, "You will see all kinds of people. There are two to three thousand there already and you saw the constant flow coming in at the river landings. Stay alert!"

Westport was a lot like home with shops and stores but much more crowded because of the immigrants. The boys observed and avoided the town sharpies and camp followers who were the types to relieve them of their wealth with jugs of "pop-skull" whiskey from the grog shops, or with the snap of a card laid down in their first and last hands of "Three Card Monte". Also, there were the ladies of ill repute who would entertain them upstairs with a "poke" at a reasonable price, or with an overnight stay for a few dollars more.

Most of the day was consumed with chores. The boys were tired at sundown and headed the six miles back to camp. They didn't delay but they were mesmerized by what they saw—the land next to the trail was occupied with wagons, horses, cattle, mules, and people on both sides as far as they could see. Small cooking fires dotted the landscape like a sky full of stars. There was little breeze so the plumes of grey smoke rose and joined above in a hazy tent-like cloud that masked out the setting sun. The strong aroma of cooking food and burning fuels permeated the air of the campgrounds mile after mile.

Amid the campfires the sounds of music and song, prayer and vulgarity were producing a din over the mass. There they were, a medley of men and women from the world: farmers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, preachers, laborers, Baptists, Catholics, Mormons, Presbyterians, Methodists, Republicans, Federalists, white men, black men, Germans, British, Irish, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, sailors, lumbermen, gamblers, the bearded, the beardless,

the lame, the pockmarked, prostitutes in silk, brave women in knickerbockers, the witty, the witless, the fortune tellers, the card sharks, and the evangelists—dreaming of gold and what they would do with it.

To grasp with their young minds the full scope of what human experience was expanding around them, the boys could only compare this panorama with the great European and Asiatic armies of history and the Bible. That great army of gold idolaters, mostly untrained, with no realization of the experiences and ordeals lying ahead, was in a state of being ready to march, whenever the spirit moved them, and without a commanding general.

Jake was driving, Len and Jack were riding the load watching various activities. As they approached their campsite they observed a typical American emigrant family in the light of their fading cooking fire, at evening prayer. The mother and children with heads bowed, and the bearded patriarch with face raised to the heavens giving thanks for what they had, and asking for guidance and blessings for what they were about to do. This was the first occasion Jack had taken to harken back to his many good years with his family. He was thankful that he had been taught high moral standards as it appeared they were going to be tested in the tribulations ahead. With mild pangs of homesickness he jumped down and helped unload and distribute the supplies.

By May first, some of the companies had jumped off early, but the Illinois Argonauts waited because John Beard had gone ahead to estimate the conditions. While on his return he met an Army dispatch rider who called to him, "The trail is muddy, the grass is fetlock high, the Kansas River is working well, and water is best at Alcove Springs." When Beard reported to Captain Baseye, the water barrels were filled and the wagon train moved out. Beard's wagon, with Len Longmire driving, led the caravan, rolling over the muddy

spring trail.

In the two months since Jack left home, he proved to be a good teamster. He was very dependable when performing his primary duties: harnessing, driving, watering, feeding, and caring for the Baseye oxen. When off duty he walked beside the wagons, gathered firewood and buffalo chips, and shared in other duties including camp and train guard.

For the first fifty miles out of Independence the route followed the well-worn Santa Fe Trail and then turned north. They plodded up and down rough trails through the northeast corner of Kansas and passed Blue Mound, from where it was 1,744 miles to Oregon's Blue Mountains. They traversed the rolling hills along Big Blue River until they crossed it at Alcove Springs on 13 May. The trail continued along the Little Blue River, crossing at the ford on Rock Creek then northwest to the Platte River and Fort Kearney.

Jack was stunned as he stepped to the brim of the bluffs overlooking the Platte River Valley. A multitudinous throng was before and behind him—one moving mass with scarcely a space between oxen, horse, and mule teams. The grand Army of Napoleon could not compare, in extent at least, to this magnificent caravan. What a picture it made as they struck the Platte Valley. There strung along the river were the old Fort Kearney trains. Following the north side on the Mormon Trail were the Council Bluff trains. Then came the St. Joseph and Independence trains, the most numerous of all. Each company chose its own track and made for the Platte River and Fort Kearney.

The fort was established by the Army in 1848 and was the first fort built to help the immigrants. It consisted of a few log and adobe brick buildings, several stables, store houses, and a hospital tent. The station complement was two companies of infantry and one of Dragoons quartered in tents. It was

distributed the meat, but neglected to unload their rifles. The next day on the trail while pulling up a steep grade, the weapons shifted and slid out the rear of the wagon. The hammer of one rifle caught, snapped, and fired. Bill Nelson, the driver, was hit and killed instantly. Bill was only thirty-four years old, and married—his wife, Cecelia, survived him. He owned a five thousand dollar farm in Illinois but suffered with "gold fever" which proved fatal. A grave was dug south of Ash Hollow along the North Platte River. He was buried in his clothes and a blanket. His name was burned into a grave marker made from a ration box. John Baseye said a few appropriate words after which everyone paid their last respects and moved on.

Just as the Baseye train approached its camp for the night they came upon a wagon with all six horses down and dying. They were alkalied by drinking from one of the stagnant ponds. The party, a young couple, a grandmother, and a young girl, were preparing to leave the wagon. They shot the horses to put them out of their misery then started walking back to Fort Kearney. They had seen the "elephant". Jack felt sympathy for them, but he lovingly yelled at his lead ox team, Bill and Bob, and philosophized to himself as they continued west. He thought to himself: Four hundred miles ahead and astride the Continental Divide is South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. If we can achieve this we can be the victor. This is the end of the "elephant", beyond is Oregon and California, and all of that gold. Hang on now and see the journey through, and we will have won!

The trail was mostly flat grassland prairie highlighted by large sandstone formations. The first notable ones were called Jail House and Court House Rock, and a day farther west they passed Chimney Rock. The next objective was Fort Laramie where John wrote home to Angeline:

We have arrived at Fort Laramie and are 575 miles from Independence, Missouri. We were following the south side of the North Platte River, and approached the fort on the S.E. side of the Laramie River. We paid two dollars per wagon to cross the fort's bridge, a mile north of the trail. It is a beautiful sight with buildings in good repair. Major Ketchum and eighty troops provide equipment repair and resupply. Last night our group had a buffalo roast dinner prepared by Army cooks for fifty cents for all we could eat.

We had the oxen fitted with leather shoes at twenty dollars per yoke. After this the people rested and wrote letters which will be mailed at the Suttler's Store. The mail goes back East to Fort Leavenworth and then is distributed in the United States.

Except for the Army forts there is no civilization out here. The grave markers, and the wagon and animal tracks leave the only indelible scars on the ground to mark the trail. The land, rivers, trees, animals, bugs and Indians are different than anything I have seen before. Worst of all the lack of news or contact with Oregon or back home is stifling. It is lonely especially at night when guarding the camp. I would guess that this means that although I am still enthused I also miss seeing you and our hometown haunts. This is a big venture, so keep your faith and we will, like thousands of others on this difficult trek, achieve our heart's desire.

You can write to me at the U.S. Post Office in Oregon City, Oregon Territory, as we will be there in October.

With Affection, John

The pilgrims and animals refreshed, and the equipment refurbished, the train moved from the dusty, rutty Fort Laramie parade ground. Bumping along the wagons rolled out to and onto the trail. The next objective was South Pass over the Continental Divide.

Mr. Beard and Mr. Baseye had been this way before and they knew that Independence Rock was about one hundred and eighty miles ahead. They expected to arrive by 4 July. Most emigrants wanted to commemorate Independence Day, and hundreds of them choose the site of Independence Rock to do so.

As the trail crossed the Platte river and entered into the Sweetwater River Valley, a great, grey-granite stone mound emerged along the horizon; it was Independence Rock. It looked like a huge beached whale, a half mile long, two hundred feet high, marked and painted all over with names, initials, and dates. As the wagon trains pressed westward many overlanders circled their wagons so near the rock that the surrounding wagon canvas seemed an ocean for the whale.

For some the 4th of July was a day of celebration. Some of the Will County party would have liked to celebrate but the company totally agreed that they should turn the lead team west along the south side of the Sweetwater River. With good grass and water for the next five days they climbed into the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

The landscape became more barren as they climbed higher into a saddle-like plain between two heights, and at 7,550 feet the train crossed the Continental Divide. Two miles west was Pacific Springs where the first fresh water flowed to the Pacific Slopes and the trail forked. The Mormon cutoff for Salt Lake broke to the left and many went that way. The right fork was Sublette's cutoff to Soda Springs and Fort Hall. The fort was built on the south side of

the Great Bend in the Snake River and had been an important stopping place, but no longer was. There was only one white man in attendance and he was in the service of the British Hudson Bay Company. There were over one hundred unserviceable wagons, ten cords of used oxen yokes, and tons of various sized chains. There were very few, and rather poor, other goods and supplies. The travelers did get rest and feed for their teams but left in disappointment concerning the government's inefficient management. They hoped for better at Fort Boise.

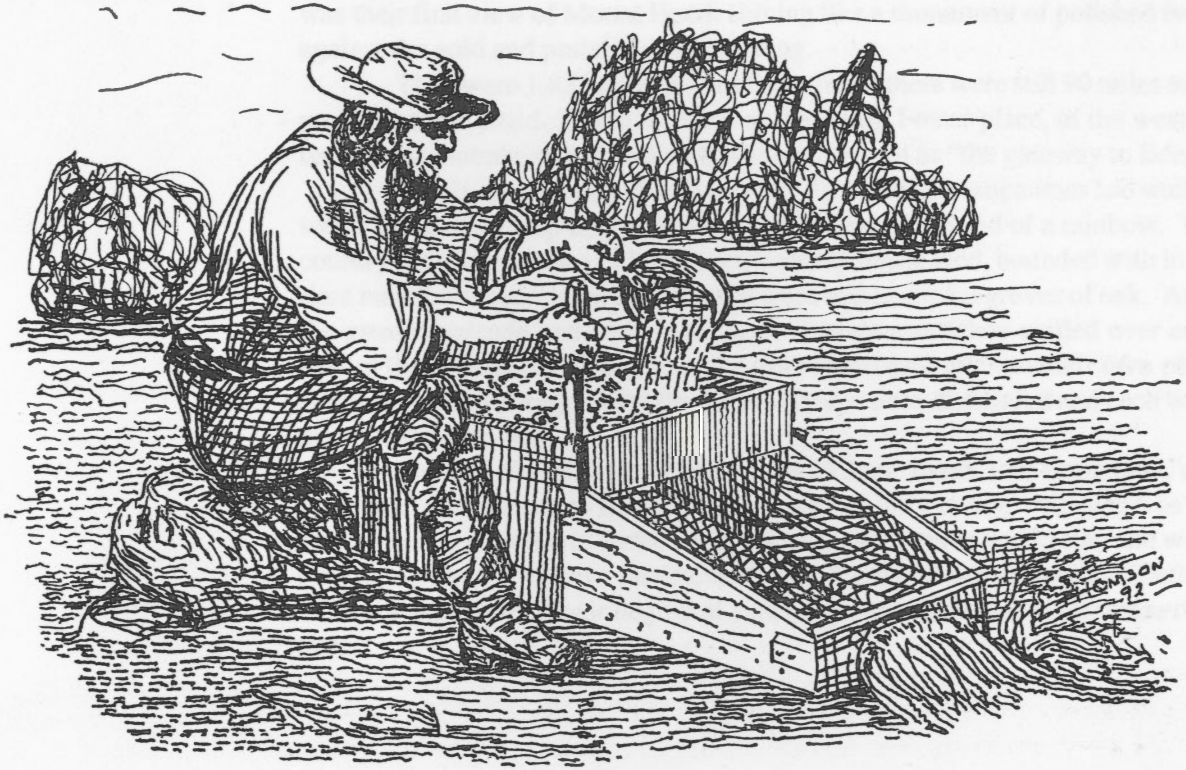
From Fort Hall the trail to Oregon City was marked heading northwest at the trail crossing the Snake river. The route southwest was marked with a large pile of stones painted gold, indicating the route to gold in California and southern Oregon. The country along the Snake River between Fort Hall and Fort Boise was three hundred miles of low, flatland with good grass and water.

Fort Boise was their next scheduled resupply and rest stop. On the east side of the Snake River where the Boise River and Oregon Trail cross was the site of the Fort. Like Fort Hall it was operated by one British white man under the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company. Everything was in short supply and they were again disappointed. They continued and crossed the Snake at which point they entered the eastern environs of Oregon Territory. They plodded northerly one hundred miles to the Grand Ronde Valley of the Blue Mountains, and took three days to cross them. Two hundred-fifty miles west they met the challenge of the Cascade Range and arrived at the Dalles. They had a choice of rafting down the mighty Columbia River to Portland but they chose the newly constructed Barlow road that detoured around Mount Hood to Oregon City, their destination.

After climbing the steep slopes from the Dalles, they were engulfed by the dawn panorama of color. Rising above the base of the deep-black forests

VI

Len Longmire using his "rocker"



was their first view of Mount Hood, shining like a monument of polished ivory against the gold and pastel blue of morning.

They were 1,835 miles from Missouri and there were still 90 miles to go on the Barlow Road. There it ended at the Philip Foster place, at the western base of the mountains in Clackamas County, known as "the gateway to Eden".

For six months, day after dreary day, Jack and his companions had walked west. With every step they envisioned a paradise at the end of a rainbow. The country they found was a rich and uncommonly fertile land, bounded with luxuriant meadows encircled with lovely fir trees and beautiful groves of oak. After the great cavalcade had entered through "Eden's gate" they spilled over each side of the Willamette Valley to make their individual nitch in their own place and way. Here at Oregon City the Beard-Baseye train disbanded and each went his own separate way.

The Beard and Baseye families, with Jack Jones, Len Longmere, and Jim Smith, went south to Beard's homestead in Linn County. The plan was for the group to winter there. In the spring of 1853, the Beards would stay and work their farm, and the Baseye family, with Jack, Len, and Jim, would go South to work the gold lode. Their degree of success would determine their future destiny.

Achieving

The surface of the Territory of Oregon was shaped into three distinct tracts formed by almost parallel mountain ranges from north to south. The Cascade and the Coast Ranges separated the valleys. The summits of the mountains were snow covered during most of the year and they shot up into conical peaks of astonishing heights. They presented themselves as objects of grand and awful sublimity bidding defiance to human footsteps. They formed a continuous chain like the teeth of howling wolves.

The temperature in Southern Oregon in February averaged fifty degrees and conditions were good for traveling south. The new Argonauts loaded three pack mules and their wagons drawn by horses and moved south up the Willamette Valley to the Rogue River Valley, then to Shasta County, California.

There they learned by talking to the people at the Eldorado Hotel that the original gold mother lode was being overworked and the prospectors were moving farther north into the part of Shasta County with the spring-like weather. The Baseye family chose to go south and pan the creeks and tributaries of the Sacramento River, between the towns of Cottonwood and Shasta. While they were at the Hotel Eldorado, a young man with a foreign accent asked if anyone was a wagon maker. Jack spoke up that he was. This man introduced himself as Joseph Plonsig, the local wagon maker in Shasta. He had a partner, Jacob Bielring, who was not well trained and had decided to go north to mine for gold. This left him unable to handle the work so he was looking for good help. He offered Jack and any of the others a job making and repairing mining tools, wheelbarrows and wagons. He would pay them well for good work, and include

room and board. He would also make time available for them to do some prospecting. To all of them, that sounded like an opportunity to start a business that they were trained in, and in a good mining area. They all had their start-up money so after a conference they made an offer to buy the shop. After some dickering they became the new owners. Joseph and Jacob moved out, and our Illinois immigrants moved in and went to work.

Len Longmire, Jim Smith, Bill and Lisbon Baseye made up a mining team and panned up Clear Creek to Whiskey Town and French Gulch. Every two weeks two of the team would load up a mule and take the production in to Shasta. They would deposit it at the bank and restock the provisions for the mines. John Baseye was a trained blacksmith so he and Jack were busy at the shop, and David Baseye helped where he could. The shop was doing better than expected so William had to come down off the mountain to work in the shop. Through the spring to fall, more homesteaders and miners moved in, and during the fall and winter of 1853-54 the wheelbarrow, wagon, and mining-tool trade in Shasta County was busy and profitable. The boys working the placers up the Sacramento River tributaries had to handle more aggregate to keep the mining profitable. They were, however, doing well. As spring approached the prospecting slowed. The word that came in from the mines and grog shops was that there were new placers and deposits in Southern Oregon along the Rogue River in Jackson County.

John T. and Delana Baseye wanted to move back to Linn County Oregon and file a donation land homestead claim. William and Elizabeth Baseye had an offer to buy three hundred twenty acres from a Mr. Davison in the Applegate area west of Jacksonville, Oregon. The other boys wanted to go to Jackson County and work this new area. They all had a good accumulation of

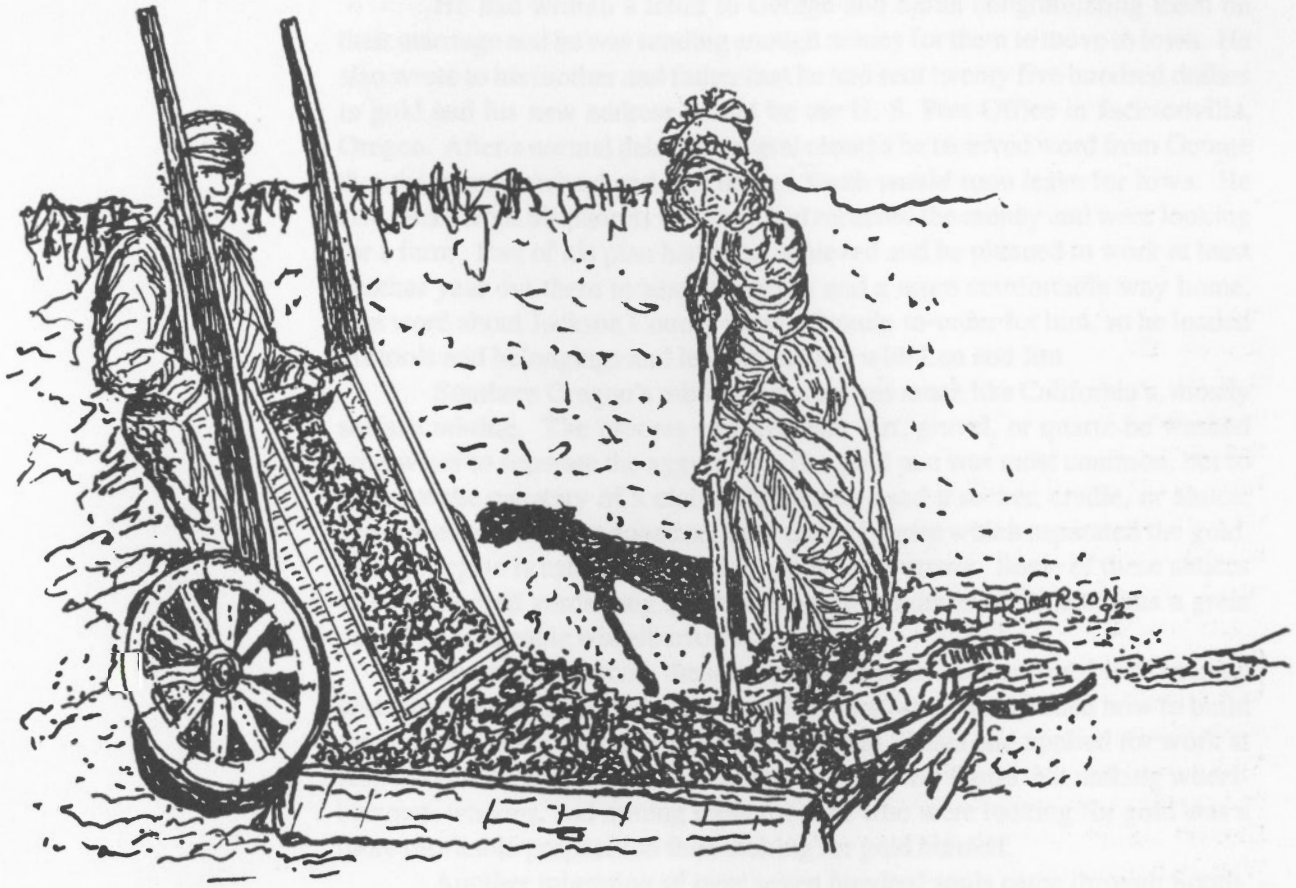
gold dust and nuggets to go on their own. They decided that they would sell the wagon shop in the spring and move north.

Jack had two objectives for coming to the Pacific slopes. He made a promise that if he were successful he would advance the gold needed to help his parents buy a farm on the Grand Prairie of Illinois. He also had the obligation to George Hawker to establish a partnership in Iowa. By April 1854 he had saved over five thousand dollars. He was ready to act on his promises and move north.

On a warm mid-April evening, with clear skies and a bright moon, Jack, accompanied by music and loud talk from the Hotel Eldoredo, walked up the street to the bank for the day's business. The miners and shop owners who worked from sunup to sundown did their banking in the evening under oil lamp and candle light. Jack entered the bank and sidestepped an iron Wells Fargo box that sat next to a Fairbanks scale upon which express boxes of gold were weighed. Lines of red shirted miners and more neatly dressed store clerks stood waiting at the unvarnished, rough cut, lumber counter. They faced the brass picket cages behind which Mr. Tracy, the banker and Express agent, or the clerk, I. G. Bates, stood. Behind them were big books of records. On a wooden peg hung a big magnet for separating magnetic foreign materials from the gold being deposited. Small sensitive scales stood in each cage to weigh any gold being brought in. Jack brought in several linen bags of placer gold amounting to about five thousand dollars. He asked Mr. Tracy to, "issue two drafts, underwritten by a New York Insurance Company, amounting to about five thousand dollars, making one payable to John R., Sr. and Mary Jones, and the other payable to George Hawker. Ship by Wells Fargo Express of San Francisco to the bank in Wilmington, Illinois."

VII

One of Jack's wheelbarrows "in use"



He had written a letter to George and Sarah congratulating them on their marriage and he was sending enough money for them to move to Iowa. He also wrote to his mother and father that he had sent twenty five hundred dollars in gold and his new address would be the U. S. Post Office in Jacksonville, Oregon. After a normal delay of several months he received word from George that the money arrived and that he and Sarah would soon leave for Iowa. He also heard from his parents that they had received the money and were looking for a farm. Part of his plan had been achieved and he planned to work at least another year out there to assure success and a more comfortable way home. The word about Jackson County sounded made-to-order for him, so he loaded his tools and belongings and left for Oregon with Len and Jim.

Southern Oregon's mining industry was much like California's, mostly surface mining. The process required that dirt, gravel, or quartz be washed with water to separate the aggregate. The gold pan was most common, but to increase the capacity of a claim, the miners used a rocker, cradle, or sluice. Water flowed down an aqueduct over the aggregate which separated the gold. The aggregate is carried to the sluice in wheelbarrows. Some of these sluices were a hundred yards long and operated by hundreds of miners, thus a great need for serviceable wheelbarrows.

Thomas Hopwood, the local wagon maker, had been unable to keep up with the demand, especially the wheelbarrows. Jack had learned how to build these mining tools and when he came up from Shasta and applied for work at Hopwood's, he was signed on at highest wages. He found that making wheelbarrows, wagons, and mining tools for men who were looking for gold was a more profitable proposition than looking for gold himself.

Another migration of over seven hundred souls came through South-

ern Oregon in 1854. There was some hostility encountered from the Indians but the Governor activated the militia to protect the newcomers. The trouble settled down with the winter cold, but in spite of this, the demand for farm and mining tools increased.

With the growth in both mining and farming the encroachment upon Indian lands was more and more irritating to the tribes who were growing restless, and even desperate. At the same time everyone but the Indian was prospering, especially Jack Jones. In the spring the character of events was leading to war.

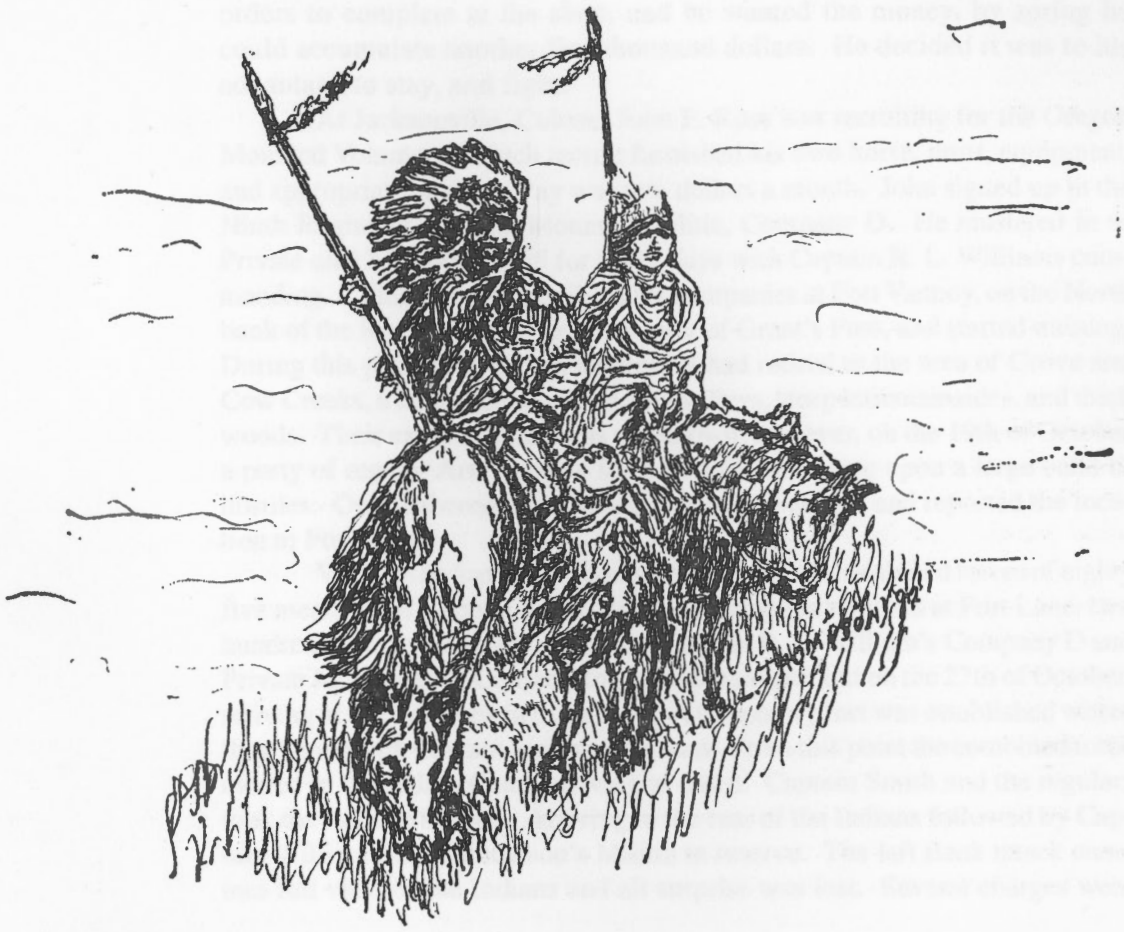
The first of many hostilities took place in May 1855 when a miner, named Hill, was killed on Indian Creek in Siskiyou County, California. The next incident was when two men, Dyart and McKew, were shot on the road from Jacksonville by Rogue River Indians in June. More whites were killed and cabins were robbed. The next sequence of events grew out of a plain case of drunken Indians, one argued with a miner named Peterson and they shot each other. The Indians then killed eleven whites. Then the avengers killed twenty-five natives. As a result five companies of volunteer militia were called up for three-months enlistments.

As the year approached winter, there was no respite. The Indians became more aggressive, to the degree that the young men of Jackson County were joining the militia and going out to kill renegades while farmers and miners were moving into towns throughout the county.

VIII

Rogue River Indians

Jack faced a dilemma, should he quit and go back East? He considered his options: the hostility of the Indians could ruin his business; he could join the Militia, and help restrict the redskins to their reservations (after all, he had learned a lot about dealing with them while crossing the plains); he still had



orders to complete at the shop, and he wanted the money, by spring he could accumulate another five thousand dollars. He decided it was to his advantage to stay, and fight.

At Jacksonville, Colonel John E. Ross was recruiting for the Oregon Mounted Volunteers. Each recruit furnished his own horse, arms, equipment, and appropriate clothes. Pay was two dollars a month. John signed up in the Ninth Regiment, Oregon Mounted Militia, Company D. He mustered in as Private on 12 October 1855 for thirty days with Captain R. L. Williams commanding. Colonel Ross assembled his companies at Fort Vannoy, on the North bank of the Rogue River four miles west of Grant's Pass, and started training. During this period the Indian marauders had retired to the area of Grove and Cow Creeks, a land of canyons, narrow valleys, steep mountainsides, and thick woods. Their exact location was not known, however, on the 19th of October a party of regular Army scouts from Port Oxford came upon a large band of hostiles. Outnumbered, the soldiers made their escape and reported the location to Fort Lane.

With the Indian whereabouts now known, the combined forces of eighty five members of Captain A. J. Smith's 1st Dragoon regulars at Fort Lane, two hundred-ninety volunteers, including Captain R. L. William's Company D and Private John Jones of Colonel Ross's command, set out on the 27th of October, arriving at Grove Creek in three days. A temporary fort was established where they joined with Captain Smith's dragoons. From this point the combined force moved to the Indian Camp arriving at dawn. Captain Smith and the regulars took the ridge to the right, arriving in the rear of the Indians followed by Captain William's and Rinearson's Militia in reserve. The left flank attack came into full view of the Indians and all surprise was lost. Several charges were

made by the regulars within twenty yards of the hostiles, but to no avail. They used the terrain to operate in, and proved their skill as "mountain" soldiers and "bush" fighters. They broke off the engagement through the brush and no further attempt was made. There was a total loss of thirty-one killed. In Jack's company John Winers was killed in action, Tom Ryan and Bill Stamms were wounded in action. The affair resulted in partial defeat mainly because of wet and freezing cold weather. The men, although provided with clothes and blankets were ill because of an insufficient supply of food. The Commissary was in chaos; food failed to reach the starving soldiers. This fight occurred on 31 October and 1 November and was known as the "Battle of Hungry Hill". The four companies of the Ninth Regiment marched back to Camp Vannoy where on 1 February 1856 Company D was discharged. The Indians were by then all on reservations.

Jack Jones, who was discharged, returned to the wagon shop, and after a welcome-back party with his friends, went to work on the back orders.

Fulfillment

As spring approached John was ready to go home, he had his affairs in order. Two weeks earlier he had sent upwards of five thousand dollars by Wells Fargo Express to his account in his home bank at Wilmington, Illinois. On one of his prospecting jaunts in Shasta County he unearthed a gold nugget, about twenty-two karat fine, at about one-half an ounce. He had taken it to Al Dobrowski the Shasta town jeweler, an emigrant from Bohemia, and had it made into a lovely, carved wedding ring. He carried it in his money belt for maximum safety as it was to be Angeline's wedding ring as soon as they were married.

Jim Smith and Len Longmire came into town, to join with others to say goodbye. The three friends had one last toast for good health and wished each other "bon voyage", then they walked to the stage depot.

His carpetbag held a coat and waistcoat, a pair of trousers, some socks, underwear, a tie, his shaving box, an extra boiled shirt, and four linen bags of gold. He wore a "Filson" duster coat, a new derby hat and a tailor-made pair of black calfskin boots recently purchased from Maury and Davis Haberdashery in Jacksonville, Oregon.

The sun was just setting behind the Klamath Mountains when John pushed his carpetbag up to C. Beekman, the driver of the Cluggage and Dunn Company stagecoach. He lashed it down into the "boot" with several other bags and express boxes while John climbed up next to him. John was riding "shotgun". There was one last call for passengers and he was off for Crescent City to board an Oregon and California one-funnel coastal steamship to San Francisco. He turned and waved a fond goodbye.

At San Francisco he had his gold assayed and converted into specie at the new United States Mint. He packed his money belt with shiny, new Eagle and Double Eagle gold pieces and Angeline's wedding ring. Then he put three hundred dollars in his pockets for expenses to Kankakee, Illinois, where he was to see Angeline for the first time in four years.

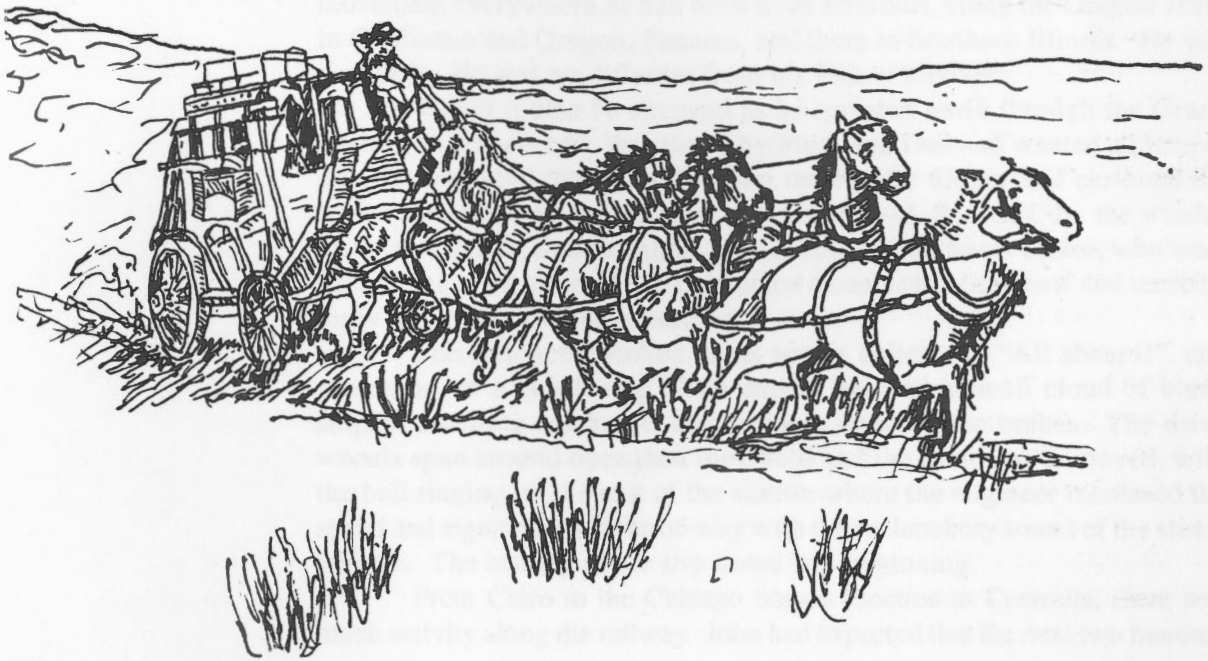
When Congress established accessibility between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts, they authorized two mail lines, one from New York and New Orleans to the Isthmus of Panama, the other from Panama to California and Oregon. Later the Panama Railroad was built to connect at each side of the Isthmus.

From the Mint John went down to the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company Depot at the wharf and paid two hundred dollars for passage in first cabin on a Pacific mail steamship for twenty one days to Panama, across the Isthmus on the new railroad to Aspinwall, New Granada, then on an Atlantic Mail Steamship to New Orleans. The ride on the railroad was John's first, and he was impressed by the iron wheels and the speed and comfort on rails. The Panama Railroad was only forty seven miles long and crossing time only four and one-half hours in comfortable, convenient, commodious, passenger cars. This replaced the former voyage of eight thousand miles by ship, around South America by way of Cape Horn, and the trek of two thousand miles by wagon train, across the plains of North America.

IX

Cluggage and Dunn "Stagecoach"

After a pleasant and uneventful voyage the ship docked at New Orleans. John was traveling light so had no problem clearing customs after which he went aboard a stern-wheeler river boat for a five day excursion, seven hundred miles up the Mississippi River to Cairo, Illinois. Now John was to experience his second ride on a railroad train. This trip was three hundred miles north from Cairo to Kankakee, Illinois, on the recently completed Illinois Central.



At Cairo he crossed town to the railroad station platform, and with the aid of a porter was led to his sleeper compartment, for the final overnight leg of his journey to Kankakee. He planned to arrive at 2:00 p.m., Thursday, 1 May 1856.

John, in the last four years, had seen drastic changes from the wild to the civilized. Thousands of people plowed the valleys, cut the trees, destroyed the creek and river banks, built roads, buildings, and now railroads, all in the name of progress and self-enrichment. He had seen this movement everywhere he had been from Missouri, along the Oregon Trail, in California and Oregon, Panama, and there in Southern Illinois. He was part of it. He was no different from his fellow travelers.

Would it also be changed as he traveled north through the Grand Prairie, he wondered? Was that why Mum and Dad had wanted a piece of it? He suspected that the gold from the Pacific Slopes had enriched the nation through the hands of men like himself—J. R. Jones, Jr., the would-be oxen teamster, Indian fighter, gold miner, wheelbarrow maker, who went back home to be married and to become a businessman; a new and increasingly important kind of American.

The conductor looked at his watch, called out, "All aboard!", and swung up on a coach step. The engine belched a small cloud of black sulphur-smelling smoke, as the engineer released the brakes. The drive wheels spun around once then took hold and the train slowly moved, with the bell ringing, to the exit of the station where the engineer increased the speed and signaled his right-of-way with the melancholy sound of the steam whistle. The last leg of the trip home was beginning.

From Cairo to the Chicago branch junction at Centralia, there was much activity along the railway. John had expected that the next two hundred

miles would be a nearly unbroken prairie, with a house here and there, but it was not that way any longer. Now as he peered out at the quickly moving landscape, he never lost sight of cultivated farms. At intervals of at least every ten miles there were flourishing villages, with all the appearances of cultivated life.

Thursday, the first of May arrived. Angeline, her family, and Jacks's had come over twenty miles from Wilmington to meet him, to celebrate his homecoming and their future wedding.

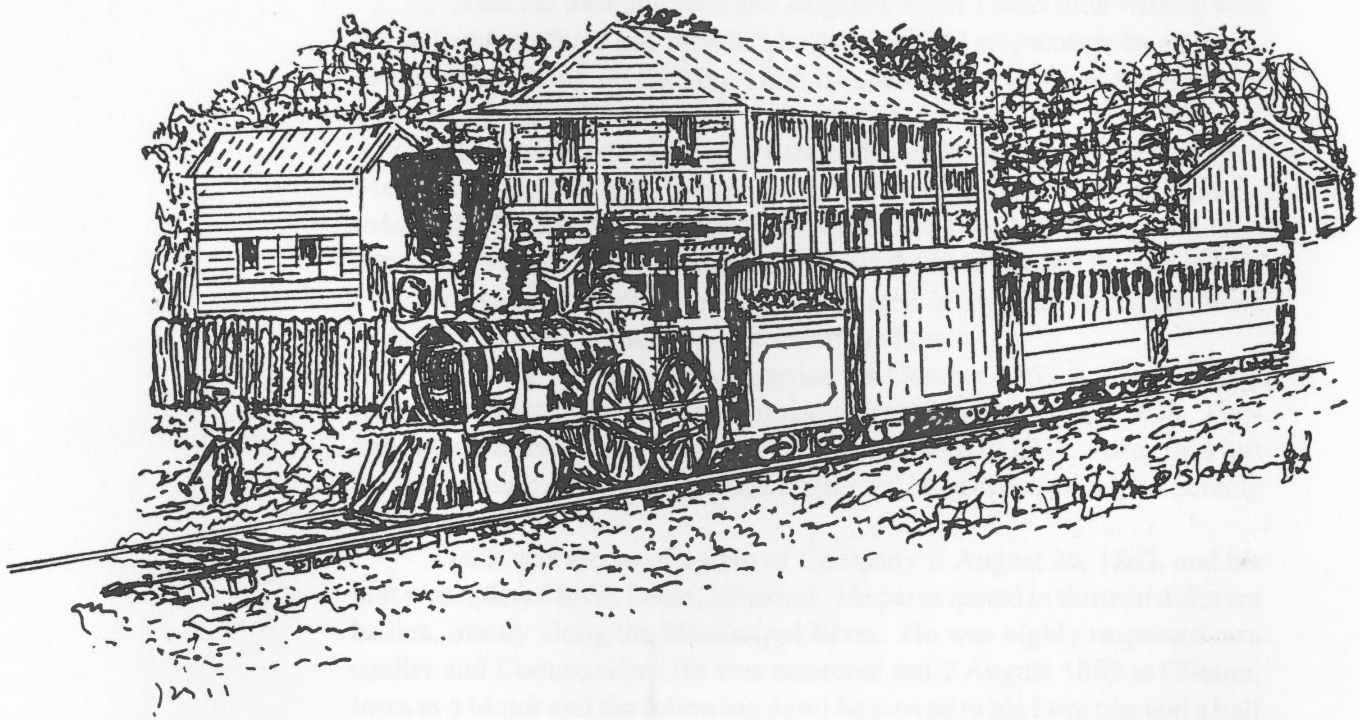
As the Chicago Express pulled into the Kankakee station, Jack was pushing his way to the rear exit of his car while looking out of the window where he could see Angeline. She and the family were gathering at the car door. She pinched her cheeks, leaving a rose petal-pink hue on her milkmaid complexion. They met with a bear hug and he greeted her with, "Angie, I'm home! I love you so much!" She responded, "Oh yes, John, and I, you."

After greetings were exchanged and the train left for Chicago, everyone loaded into buggies and carriages and went to the Court House where the County clerk completed a marriage license and the Justice of the Peace, Rodney Ashly, married John R. Jones, Jr. to Angeline Butterfield. When Mr. Ashly asked for a ring to bind the vows, John produced the wedding band of placer gold and slipped it onto Angeline's finger. They were pronounced man and wife and John kissed his beautiful bride.

The bridal party assembled at the Kankakee Hotel to dance and celebrate, much the same as they all had four years ago when the Baseye wagon train left to follow the Oregon Trail to the Pacific Slopes. This time John did not leave, nor did Angeline go home. Aye, this time after the guests left, the bride and groom withdrew to the Bridal Suite where they talked of the future and expressed their ever-enduring love and devotion.

X

Homeward bound by railroad



Epilogue

After the wedding John and Angeline spent a short time visiting with friends and relatives and then left by railroad and stagecoach on a honeymoon, culminating on 26 May 1856 in Shell Rock, Iowa, at the home of George and Sarah Hawker.

The two friends formed a partnership of Hawker and Jones, Wagon Makers. This firm built the first wagon manufactured in Butler County, Iowa and sold the same to John Kimmons for sixty dollars. George and John continued wagon and plow making, and blacksmithing until the summer of 1862 when John was mustered into Company E of the 32nd Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry for the War Between The States.

George and Sarah had married 18 October 1853 in Will County, Illinois and moved to Iowa. They bought a home and the shop in 1855. They had two children; Frank born in 1855 and Ella born in 1857. After Jack left for the duration of the war, George continued in business until his untimely death in 1863.

Jack was elected Captain of Company E August 26, 1862, and his unit was ordered to St. Louis, Missouri. He participated in thirteen different battles, mostly along the Mississippi River. He was highly respected as a soldier and Commander. He was mustered out 2 August 1865 at Clinton, Iowa as a Major and the following April he moved to his farm one and a half miles east of Clarksville, Iowa.

In the fall elections of 1868 he was elected Butler County Supervisor, and in 1871 he was elected County Sheriff. He was the only person who had ever held the office for eight years. In 1873, while Sheriff, he built a large and beautiful residence, one of the most comfortable and pleasant in the county. His private life was then occupied by careful and wise attention to his money and well-tilled acres.

John and Angeline had three children, but no grandchildren. Mary was born March 12, 1857 and married George McIntyre on November, 9, 1882. He was a veteran attorney and a graduate of the State University of Iowa, mayor of Shell Rock for two terms, and considered the city's leading citizen for twenty-five years.

Carrie was born September 6, 1861 and married John P. Reed September 30, 1880. He owned the Shell Rock newspaper until 1882 when he sold it to George McIntyre because he had received an appointment to the U. S. Treasury Department in Washington D.C.

Ida was born June 24, 1859 and died September 28, 1860.

John R. Jones, Jr., died May 14, 1889 of Tubercular Laryngitis at the age of fifty one.

Angeline Jones, nee Butterfield, died May 15, 1917 at the age of 81.

XI

Jack and Angeline at the Illinois railroad station, Kankakee

Lyn Thompson

EDUCATION:

Master of Liberal Studies, Indiana University South Bend, Indiana.
Fine Arts and History joint discipline. May 1994
Bachelor of General Studies, Indiana University South Bend
Major in General Studies May 1983
Associate of General Studies, Indiana University South Bend
Major in General Studies May 1983

WORK EXPERIENCE:

Disability Retirement September 1971 to present
Insurance Manager and Consultant, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, South Bend, Indiana. October 1954 to September 1971
Officer, United States Army May 1938 to October 1954

WORK DESCRIPTION:

Managed activities, sales, and service of staff of consultants in life, health,and retirement insurance.
Commanded U.S. Army units from platoon to battalion

RESEARCH EXPERIENCE:

Researched a paper about the Illinois Central R.R. in Spring 1991.
Faculty advisor, Dr. Patrick J. Furlong

Colophon

This book was designed by Alan Larkin. Ten copies were printed by laser printer on Mohawk Superfine 80 lb. smooth soft white text paper at the design and printmaking facility of Indiana University South Bend. The Times Roman type was set using Aldus Pagemaker 5.0. The original drawings were converted into magnesium relief printing plates by Owosso Graphics and printed on a Vandercook SP15 proofing press. Diane Holaday and Ann Glanton assisted in printing and hand-binding of the edition. Another ten sets of the prints were produced and distributed to friends and family of the author.

This is copy: 1/10